

## LIKE A COOK'S TOUR OF OUR NEW KITCHEN?

By Mary K. Rowland

"Tea's in the kitchen!" What a wonderful invitation to our nightly snack. First heard during the Christmas holidays, it brought all of us a great thrill — and it still does.

Our new kitchen — now big enough to hold the forty of us — finished by Christmas! It seemed an almost unbelievable present from above. But there it was, bright and sparkling, a warm sunny yellow, with little print ruffles outlining the windows, and gleaming white shelves trimmed with green — a natural gathering place for the winter evenings.

### Cooking With Gas

The whole thing seemed unreal at first, especially to the girls who had cooked in our "old" small kitchen. All the evidences of our friends' generosity still amaze us.

A new ten-burner gas stove stands in the middle of the new kitchen. Easily reached from all sides, it will be a help these days and in the summer a real life saver.

Just a few steps away is a used six-foot-high by six-foot-wide refrigerator. The plumber had been wondering who would buy it and take it off his hands. He didn't know Our Lady was using him to answer our prayers. Big and roomy, it really answers our needs. No more worrying about the ice giving out by mid-August! No more sour milk and spoiled food in spring and summer! No more watching the thermometer and carrying the food from the back porch to the basement when the nights are freezing. No more waiting for food to thaw that was on the porch and froze. It's a blessing indeed — that fridge is.

### Got It Wholesale

Then, against the wall where the wood box used to be (for those of you who knew our old kitchen) stands another marvel for us, a thirty-cubic foot deep freezer! The brother of one of our staff got it wholesale. Now we can store many of our chickens, and cuts of beef and pork, here instead of in a rented locker. It really is handy too having the meat and fruit right at our fingertips.

Another addition to our kitchen is a new double sink for washing the dishes. No more filling a wash tub in the basement, carrying it through the crooked cellar passageway and up the stairs into the dining room! No more emptying of same tub outside in summer and winter alike. Now we can wash and rinse, dry and put away, in the kitchen without getting in the cook's way!

Now we have shelves. Everywhere you look we have shelves. The length of two walls are counters covered with green linoleum — interrupted only by the sinks. Over and above the counters are shelves, wide sturdy shelves. To show how ingenious we are, we even have shelves along one side and the back of our fridge, which stands in the middle of the room, as does the stove. It truly is like a dream to have room for everything. Why, even our cookbooks

have come out of the library onto a shelf all their own!

### The Wall Flowers

One wall is lined with large bins, containing flour, sugar, tea, beans, etc. So now no more trips upstairs, or downstairs, many times a day, to get supplies.

At either end of the kitchen are reminders of the Lord and Lady of the kitchen, of the house, and of our lives and work; the real Directors of everything we try to be and do. Over the windows looking out on the orchard is a crucifix — reminder of Him Who is the Bread of Life, the source of that food and drink unto life eternal. Over the deep freeze, with a vigil light flickering before it, stands a statue of Our Lady — model of doing all the little things with great love, cook for thirty years for Him Whom we serve in our brethren and all men.

What were the cooks doing while this masterpiece of a kitchen was in production? Grateful that they had been honored to share, in a small way, the carpenter shop of Nazareth, they carried on in their usual style, with a few adaptations here and there.

### Hammer, Hammer Bang!

At first things were quite normal, as the carpenters were busy on the structure outside the kitchen. Then they heard the talk of moving the wall so the old and new could be joined. That would be a great day indeed — except it turned out to be several days!

First the window and its frame went; and in came the cold drafts. Not so good for the bread! But an easy solution was at hand — the fireplace! Why not put the bread there to raise? No sooner said than done, though it must be admitted there were a few surprised expressions from those who came to fix the fire. So it continued, as moving involved a few operations.

Foremost among these operations was moving everything out of the cupboards. Where to put this variety of dishes, pots, pans, utensils, jars of herbs, etc? Naturally, the back porch! The general stores had nothing on our display of wares! Finally all the shelves were emptied, and the long awaited "tearing down" began. First the cupboards, then the walls, and — glorious wonder! — the new kitchen was easily entered, once you got by the lumber, nail kegs, scraps, tool boxes, and such.

### Cookies Cookies Yum!

Leaving the kitchen counterless, the sink standing by itself in solitary splendor, the workmen went upstairs to Mr. D's new room. The cooks were in the midst of Christmas cookies, and had no place to put them to cool. Their theme song was, "Mid ham'ring and sawing — there's no place to work." But again a solution was found. Imagine the carpenters' surprise when they returned for their "horses" and trestles to find them covered with cookies!

There were numerous trips to the back porch for supplies and utensils, as no cupboards were to go until the sink was moved. Each day the plumber was eagerly awaited — but by evening the refrain of, "Where, oh where can the plumber be," was heard. Ten days later he finally arrived! The sink was moved and then the treks began — walking the thirty-eight foot length of the kitchen for a little water. The treks had one advantage — the "old" kitchen looked like a stage setting, and so provided an occasional laugh for the water carrier.

### Ain't We Got Fun!

The day the linoleum was laid, the strain of "skip, skip, skip to the sink" resounded as the cooks

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Our Lady of The Yukon

## HOLINESS IS FOR ALL

By  
Father Leo Trese

We hear talk, sometimes, of the need for books on "spirituality for the layman." I find it hard to understand such talk. It is true that there is a need for books on Christian perfection, in which depth will be combined with simplicity. Not every person has had the formal education of a priest or a nun. What we might call the "ascetical jargon," which is a familiar commonplace to a religious can easily be confusing and repellent to a layman.

But so far as basic spirituality itself is concerned, there is not one kind of spirituality for the priest and nun, and another kind for the layman. We all have in common one essential vocation: to love God. It is the thing we were made for. It is the thing which, through Baptism, we were empowered for. Whether we implement that vocation through Holy Orders, or religious vows, or Christian Marriage, or dedicated singleness, is accidental. It is not unimportant, but it IS accidental. It would make an interesting study to trace, through the centuries, the development of the dichotomy by which "holiness" became the province of the cloister, while "ordinary goodness" was deemed sufficient for the laity.

### Holiness Is For All

However, there are abundant signs that the artificial division is in process of repair, that the breach is closing. More and more, today, the layman is hearing and heeding the call to holiness — the call which Christ voiced when He said to all of us, layman and priest alike, "Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect!"

Strangely enough, the layman today is working towards holiness by an inverse process. Christ pronounced His call to perfection, and then pointed out how perfection would prove itself: "If you love Me, keep My Commandments"; "He that does the will of My Father Who is in Heaven, He will enter the Kingdom of Heaven"; "Come, blessed of My Father . . . as long as you did it for one of these, the least of My brethren, you did it for Me." That is the logical order: first interior holiness, great love for God; then outward holiness, fruitful action.

But the logical order is not always the practical order. And so today many laymen, feeling and following an urgent impulse to action, suddenly realize for the first time their own weakness, their own need for a deeper spirituality, a greater sanctity. Revers-

ing the dictum of St. James that, "Faith without works is dead," they are discovering that works without faith are doomed.

### Ours To Restore

The works in question are the works of the Lay Apostolate, the efforts of Christian men and women to make Christ known, and His Spirit live, in their own environment. When enough Christians have made Christ a vital force in their own particular bailiwick — their own homes, and neighborhoods, and schools, and offices and shops — then the aggregate of their efforts will have effected the ultimate mission of the Church: "To restore Christ to the world, and the world to Christ."

The Lay Apostolate is definitely a religious phenomena of our own day. Many forces, providentially directed, have conspired to make it so. The layman's obligation to share in the divine mission of the Church, has always been inherent in the Characters of Baptism and Confirmation. But it is only in our own century that the need of the layman's participation has become so acute, and has co-incided on the one hand with the layman's own readiness, through educational and social opportunities; and on the other hand has co-incided with the necessary theological and liturgical developments which clarify his role.

### Aim To Be A Saint

But the call to the Lay Apostolate presupposes a response to that still more basic call, the vocation to be saints. Our effectiveness as apostles will be in direct proportion to our growth in sanctity. Not that we FIRST must become holy, and THEN become active. In actual point of time, there will be no precedence between our sainthood and our apostleship. Both will grow together, feeding and being fed upon each other. But action is so much easier than prayer, work is so much easier than contemplation, that we may easily find ourselves laboring mightily, without clearly realizing what we are laboring for or towards.

We do not, of course, become saints by setting out to become saints; by undertaking to do the things which we think a saint ought to do. We become saints by growing in love for God, by becoming progressively more pliable in His Hands, more responsive to His Will. We accomplish that by trying to absorb the Mind and Heart of Christ — so that His judgments become our judgments, and His motives our motives. Until God can look upon us and find the Image that He seeks — and say of us, "This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

### Sources of Grace

If all this sounds vague, and perhaps formidable, let us remember that a sheet of music

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## YUKON LAY MISSION HAS GROWING PAINS

By Mamie Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon — As a new year opens its doors we are naturally a little curious as to what it has in store for us, and a bit impatient to delve into its secrets. For most of us, life will be pretty much the same as it was last year. For others it will be completely different.

At Maryhouse our work will probably change very little, but each day will have the variety that different people and different problems bring. Actually I am not curious about the new year; but I am deeply grateful for last year, and each day special prayers are said for our benefactors and friends.

### And How It Poured!

As I think of the letters, money, cards, and parcels, big and little, that have poured in here during the past year, I have no adequate words to express my gratitude. You have brought joy to many, and are closer to God because of it.

There was our party for the Indian children and their parents a few days before Christmas. The party itself didn't take long but the preparations were long-drawn out. Our benefactors provided the gifts and treats, a bee to wrap gifts was organized and many friends came to help us. Kay and some of the hostel men tastefully decorated the library. Louie was Santa.

In spite of a temperature of 55 degrees below zero, over 125 people came to the party. Many who were unable to attend have received gifts since then. Even people from other missions, who had stayed in our hostel during December, received gifts for their families before leaving us. A Christmas party in such a festive setting must mean a great deal to the Indian people. They don't say much. But you just know they are quietly enjoying themselves.

### Where Are They?

Many local groups, organizations, individuals, and families sent us donations of every kind. So many more people are aware of our existence this year! Phone calls such as, "I understand you work with the poor, could you give me the names of some needy families so that our organization can send them something for Christmas?" or, "The C.Y.O. is delivering hampers of food to the

needy this evening and we don't know where they live, could Louie come along and direct us to their homes?" So our time was occupied in sundry ways. Donations came and went and in our small way we made sure that no one left Maryhouse empty-handed.

I wish you could have seen our living-room walls practically covered with rows of Christmas cards. It gave us quite a "lift" to have so many people remember us.

Then there were invitations to dine at friends' homes! People came to visit us and we had special friends in for dinner.

At Christmas we had, in our hostel, a young Indian mother and her baby. Her husband, who had had both legs broken the previous week when a truck hit his dog-team, was in the hospital. When she left several days later there came a lull in our hostel work. God seemed to say, "Staff Workers at Maryhouse, I am going to give you a four day holiday," and He did. After that He resumed sending His needy to us.

### And Money Too

Once we returned to our regular schedule, there was quite a backlog of work awaiting us. For over a week we concentrated on the many letters of thanks for gifts received and then while Louie and Kay catalogued library books and took inventory, I undertook to prepare the financial report. I admit that I had many distractions and most of them were caused by our benefactors.

As I posted money, added up columns of figures (we have no adding machine), and checked through cancelled cheques, I was once more moved by the wonder-

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## THE SAPLING

Lent begins on Feb. 15th, this year. It will probably be a very cold Ash Wednesday. But Easter comes early too. That may — or may not — mean an early Spring.

What will this Spring produce for Madonna House?

We don't mean what will it produce in the way of Maple Sugar, for instance, or in any material thing. We remember a girl it brought us last year. That's what we're thinking of.

She saw the tiny trees with which the woods around Combermere are filled, aspiring elms and firs and oaks and maples. And it inspired her to write this prayer: "I am a sapling too, a tiny tree whose roots must reach deep, deep, into the earth of humanity. My roots must grow and burrow far, grow with the sweet showers of Grace from You, Who are my Light, my Beacon.

"O Lord, with the growth of roots must come a great burst of leaves and branches all lifting their hands in prayer to You — reaching higher and higher, straight and strong, 'on tip toe,' until they find You.

"Lord, prune the tree. Make the sun of love shine on it hard and bright. Let the rains of grace fall on it quietly. Let the winds of little things whisper Your secrets gently. Watch Your tree, Lord; it lives for You!"

There's still plenty of snow in the woods; but, come April and May, there will be thousands of new saplings shooting up toward the Sun.

Will there be any more in Madonna House like the sapling of that prayer? God give us a forest full of them!

## Fools for Christ

By F. Von Pils

When the Word became flesh in the person of a Jewish working man, it soon became clear that He was not only concerned with the souls of men, but also with their bodily welfare. The first public miracle He performed was the very material act of turning water into wine. He satisfied the needs of the thousands with a few loaves of bread. He healed the sick and aroused the dead.

He told us to love our neighbors, not only by praying for and speaking kindly to them, but by feeding the hungry and clothing the naked. He expected us to stop when we are driving along the highway and see a man lying in the ditch, to pick him up and take him to the nearest hospital. Not only are we to put down the cold hard cash necessary to pay for his care, but we have to come back and make sure that he is properly looked after, and pay again for any extra expenses.

### Serving Christ

All this and more, Catherine Doherty has been doing for 25 years. A quarter century now has she served Christ by doing not one, but all of these to the least of His brethren; in the United States and Canada; and for the last eight years especially in Canada.

At any time of day or night the "B" and all those who work with her at Madonna House at Combermere, Ontario, Mary House in the Yukon, and Marian Centre at Edmonton, are ready to open the door to a man in need, to go out and deliver a baby, or to nurse the sick. They do it for the sake of Christ; and the people know it and love them for it.

The work done by the men and women of Madonna House is the expression of their faith in action,

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# RESTORATION

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## WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Lent . . . A few short weeks set aside for us by God, as it were, yearly, that we may collect ourselves and turn our faces away from passing things to those eternal. To change, perhaps, God, in His infinite Mercy, waits for this change 'til the last breath leaves our mortal bodies. To change the whole motivation of our lives from self to Him.

Lent . . . A time of taking stock of the state of our souls. Taking stock against the tremendous love scenes that the Church plays out before our startled eyes. For what is the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ but a real living drama? It is also the most real REALITY — this Drama of His love for us.

Slowly, mournfully, dramatically, the Church, the Bride of Christ, clothes herself for our benefit in the colors of mourning . . . in the sack cloth of repentance, in the ashes of penance. And to the slow dirge of a music she alone may hear, she re-enacts Christ's public life, his Passion and death . . . weeping the while for us who, year after year, behold God's love making and remain unmoved by it.

Will this year bring us to our senses? Will WE take stock of our stained, bedraggled souls, and begin setting our house in order, by cleansing it with tears of sorrow and love?

Lent . . . The time of silent and deep meditation. The time of facing death and LIFE. Without fears . . . in the fullness of humility, which is truth, and which alone can set us free from the thousand false gods we have made unto ourselves through the years.

Lent . . . Time of joy that overflows like a river of song and flame. Joy that GOD SO LOVED US THAT HE GAVE HIS SON UNTO US TO REDEEM US. Joy that Golgotha opens Paradise to us. Joy that we too CAN LOVE GOD BACK PASSIONATELY.

Lent . . . Time to pray God for that grace, that one and only grace needed for our salvation — the grace to love Him, as He loved us, according to our capacity and measure. If we truly love God, then we are truly free men . . . and CAN DO AS WE WILL. For then we will do only that which He wills. For such is love. IT WILLS BUT THE WILL OF THE BELOVED. Oh that we may this Lent learn to love God just that way!

Lent . . . Time of contrition . . . of sorrow . . . and peace . . . and of realization that we can love and serve Christ as if we were even now living in Palestine . . . we can love and serve our neighbor . . . HE IS CHRIST . . . AND CHRIST IS HE.

Lent . . . Time of deep understanding . . . that in our sinful hands WE hold the peace, happiness, and security of the whole world. For we possess the fullness of Truth. We possess God. And, if only we begin this Lent to live according to our high state, as children of God and of Love, we shall change the face of the earth . . . restore His kingdom unto Him, and thereby secure for ourselves and our neighbor that happiness, that peace, that true security, all of us hunger for.

Yes . . . Lent is here . . . a time of stock-taking . . . of change of motivations . . . of prayer . . . contrition, tears, sorrow, humility and joy . . . and Love incomprehensible, which will give us all we hunger for — IF we love Him back.

Will it be just a time of going through familiar motions . . . of lip service . . . of negative little mortifications . . . that will leave a taste of ashes on our lips Easter morning?

It depends on us.

So does the fate of the world we live in, and our own immortal souls.

## PLEASE

When sending money or cheques, state whether it is meant for Restoration subscriptions or is a donation to any of our various funds. It is impossible to know just what to do with money unless you tell us what you want it to do. Thanks for it too!

## EDDIES OF 1956

By Eddie Doherty

Those who have been privileged to gaze upon the scars wherewith the surgeons girdled me have expressed wonder that I am alive and getting better. Any other block of wood, slashed like that, they claim, would have shed its leaves, turned up its roots, and dropped its bark.

I don't mind friends making fun of my medical embroidery, however. The scars do look like the signatures of woodpeckers on dead trees, or like, the markings on primitive pots — or crack-pots, if you like. And I don't mind their being surprised that I spent so little time in the hospital after the surgeon's gash-attack.

### Legends Made To Order

There is a brand new legend in our family — and if you think a brand new legend isn't something, try to find one that's not older than the hills — there's a legend in our family that I could have cited to show why I came home so soon. But I kept silent about it.

My grandmother, this legend has it, journeyed to a hospital to have her last baby; not because she was afraid of the ministrations of her neighbors, but because she wanted to see what such an institution looked like. She got on her spirited steed and rode ninety miles to the maternity ward. She had her baby late that night, enjoyed a few hours sleep, then got back on her horse and rode home, holding the baby in her arms. She was, at this time, not over eighty-six years old.

What truth there is in this legend is difficult to say. She did live in a sparsely-settled region of Wisconsin, about ninety miles away from Milwaukee. And she did have a horse she might have ridden — provided the animal wasn't needed for the plowing. But there is some doubt in my mind as to her being anywhere near eight-six. I should say she was closer to seventy-six.

### I Clammed Up

I could have said, "Well, it's in the family, you know. Think nothing of it. We're a hardy lot. Now when my grandmother was eighty-six—"

But I kept my mouth tight shut!

I could have gone on to tell my audience of the pain I endured so heroically, and of the patience, the gentleness, the cheerfulness, and the pungent and clever wit that drew nurses to my bedside from all over the place.

But I had to keep quiet about all that too.

You see — it's that Elsie. That Elsie Whitty. O that Elsie!

Elsie was one of the two Madonna House nurses who attended me night and day. Mary Beaudoin of Toronto, was the night nurse. Elsie, who came to us from Edinburgh, was the day nurse.

I was lying peacefully in my bed a few days after the first operation; wondering, perhaps, at the excellence of the good Grey Nuns' morning bacon — or entertaining some other elevating thoughts — when Elsie began to reminisce.

### Elsie Remembers

The fact that she had found the best of equipment in the Pembroke General Hospital, and the most modern surgical supplies — why, she had only to touch a button to get sterile dressings, and more than she could use — made her remember the Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh during the second world war. It was so different!

Here she could get anything she needed, and all she wanted of it, just by asking. There—

It was at the time when the British were still excited over Dunkirk; and the "doodlebugs" were busy; and a "lone raider" machine-gunned the streets of English villages; and London hospitals were being bombed most competently and most damnably; and train loads of sick and wounded were crawling out of London every night seeking what help and shelter they might find.

### The Moss-Pads

"All the hospitals," Elsie said, "were already over-crowded. The Royal Infirmary was crammed to the ultimate limit, with wards of forty men or more. I remember three long rows of beds, and the poor men in them. Most of them required complete changes of dressings every four hours. And we had no absorbent cotton. You might say it was because we were Scotch. And you might blame it on the war. But the terrible fact was that we had no absorbent cotton at all for the needed dressings.

"So we used pads of moss. It had a most unpleasant odor. It was prickly, like straw. And it was so messy when it became saturated with discharges from wounds! This moss was covered with a large-mesh cheese cloth, but it would escape from its cover

and stick to the helpless patient's body, and to the sheets.

### And Me So Cozy!

"I can still smell the strong stench of wet moss pads. It would knock you down. The ward reeked with it. The beds reeked with it, especially as there was no air. On account of air raids, you know, we had to put heavy black-out screens over all the windows.

"And I can clearly see the rows and rows of patient men. They never complained. Instead, they'd give you a smile, a head-shake, or a 'God bless you, Nurse,' as we attended them. They knew we gave them the best we had, all we had. It wasn't much. It really wasn't anything at all. But how we all worked to give it to them!"

Well, somehow, after that, I just couldn't bring myself to brag about the horrors I endured in my terrible operations; nor about my fortitude and cheerfulness. I couldn't even bring my poor old grandmother into the picture.

That Elsie! What a lot of good stories she spoiled for me, before I could even think them up! All I can say now is, "I guess I just got scratched by a pin."

## THE B'S CORNER

I was sitting at my desk one day, contemplating a mound of correspondence that should have been answered weeks before, and looking over my calendar of duties. These included such varied things as teaching the new crew of Staff Worker cooks, how to make a stew. They had come to the kitchen as part of their schedule of practical training in our apostolate. The duties also included the re-checking of the library schedule, the culling of hens (eliminating those that do not lay enough eggs), the stressing of a "workshop" on office procedures, and a hundred other things. I felt swamped with it all.

### Work! Work! Work!

Then I thought of the millions of young women who try to do a thousand things at once and have to achieve half of them; because, as mothers of families, they are pressed by the needs of children and husbands. And I thought of millions of secretaries, executives, factory workers, and laborers, who are called hither and thither — by the needs of their employments . . . and I wondered how was it possible to keep one's mental health, and one's peace and serenity of soul and mind, under the constant and often terrific pressures and demands of vocations or professions. Nurses, doctors, policemen, firemen and many other workers floated into my thoughts, bearing the endless urgencies of their work, their lives.

Slowly the answer came. It was so very simple, as such answers always are — when questions and answers are placed in the hands of Mary, God's mother. The duty of the moment! The Sacrament of the Present Instant. That was the answer. Yet how few of us even know what it means!

### Watch The Now!

The duty of the moment is the duty of God. Each one of us can do only one thing at a time. Then let us do THAT ONE THING as well as we can. Let us be unruffled about doing it. Let us empty our minds of what we did a MOMENT before . . . and of what we shall have to do . . . the NEXT MOMENT. The moment just passed does not belong to us any more. Nor does the moment that has not yet arrived. Both are God's . . . as are our yesterdays and our tomorrows.

To achieve this inner detachment, we must motivate all our life, no matter what it may be, in God. For Him, ultimately, we work. For all good work is a prayer. All can be offered to Him. Even our recreation, our sleeping and waking hours.

The moment this immense realization strikes us . . . that very moment peace and serenity come to dwell with us. And tension, mental and emotional, spiritual, and physical, leaves us. Then, with renewed and blessed vision we survey not all the tasks we have to do this day . . . this hour . . . BUT JUST THE ONE THAT IS THE DUTY OF THIS MOMENT!

Order enters our lives, as we simply and quietly attend to the present — leaving, if need be, what belongs to the past or the future, even though it be but half done.

### For Instance —

This lesson was taught me by a very holy priest, who happened at that time to be my spiritual director. I had come for my weekly visit with him. I told him how irritated I had been a few days previously, because while I was typing an urgent report for the Bishop, three elderly women had walked in. Apparently they had nothing to do that afternoon but visit us. They kept me answering

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## THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

By Catherine Doherty

Gnarled trees of a garden, old and dark,  
Are found everywhere,  
And so are the souls  
That walk and weep and suffer  
Within the shade of garden and of trees.

### The Agony in the Garden

The lonely woman in the beaten hut  
That barely stands against the raging wind . . .  
The woman who forever listens  
To the waves of a restless, untamed sea,  
And hopes against hope  
That it will bring back her love . . .  
And there in the tenements of a city,  
A man weeps  
As only a man can weep,  
Racking sobs and tearless tears,  
Over a faithless love and a lost child . . .  
In palaces, in hovels,  
And in the sameness of city blocks,  
The gnarled trees are rooted,  
Cast their shadows,  
And Gethsemani can be found anywhere.  
With tears and restlessness and moans  
And loneliness and fear.  
Yet wherever Gethsemani is near,  
The Mother of the first man to enter it,  
Her God and yours and mine,  
Is there.  
And in the despairing, twisting,  
Lifted, crooked hands,  
She drops a bead  
As red  
As was the drop of blood  
That fell upon the stone  
From her Son's head  
That night.

### The Scourging at the Pillar

The whips of tongues cut deep.  
The nondescript, gray,  
Drab child or woman  
Who slaves in dingy backrooms  
Of laundries and restaurants,  
And all the hidden, endless places  
Where men's cruelty descends on man,  
Is lashed  
By tongues of ruthless men  
Who make whips of their tongues,  
And drain her life  
Over dishpans and other things.  
Her whipping-post is hunger,  
And the cords of it are need . . .  
The cringing mother  
Holding tight her child  
Can fear a thousand things  
In her flesh  
From her husband's tongue.  
They cut and tear  
And leave her as one who is dead  
Or barely alive  
Upon some stool or chair . . .  
Amidst clangs of bells, machine, and tools  
The whip of injustice flays men;  
And there somewhere, anywhere,  
The sharp and knotted cords  
Of almsgiving without charity  
Are flagellating half the world  
Until they hang upon  
The whipping-post of their poverty  
Neither dead nor alive.  
And to them she comes,  
The Mother of Him Who was the Word,  
To Whom she gave her flesh;  
And into their lifeless hands  
She lays a bead  
As gray as the sound  
Of the whips she heard.  
Gray—  
Like shrouds are wont to be—  
Or a widow's weeds.

### The Crowning with Thorns

Alone within a cell  
A nun tries to sleep,  
And yet the crown of endless doubts  
Encircles her head.  
She cannot twist or turn it,  
The thorns are so deep  
Yet so invisible . . .  
And there a priest is staggering  
In an agony of fear and dread  
Before the life  
That stretches out  
In endless days and nights,  
A life of utter death to self.  
As he tries to lift his tired limbs  
And stagger away  
From the abyss of annihilation and surrender,  
It seems a slender crown  
Gently lights upon his brow . . .  
And over there  
The couple that beholds their newborn child  
So crippled, so blind,  
So repellent to everyone's sight,  
And as the mother takes it up  
And holds it tight,  
A crown of thorns descends upon her brow.  
The twin of it lies upon the man's head,  
As slowly they take home  
What the Lord gave them as a cross . . .  
And beauty stands aghast  
Before that human wreck  
That left, but yesterday it seems,  
Into the distant wars,  
So tall and slim, and so beloved.  
Now he is back  
Limbless, a total wreck, and not a man!  
And as she bends to kiss the bluish lips,  
A crown made of some wood-like thing  
Seems to encompass and enhance  
The beauty of her youth.  
To each of these  
A woman dressed in black  
Gives a wooden bead  
Made of just one thorn  
That pierced God's head.

### The Way of the Cross

Where are the words?  
They are lost and gone  
And not to be found anymore  
Before that sea of crosses  
That approaches closer, closer—  
How big they are!  
How small the people  
That stagger under them!  
As far as eye can see  
There is but that tree  
That seems to be  
A sea

(Continued on Page Three)



## Washington And Truth

By  
Rev. J. T. Callahan

Surely some place, somewhere, somehow, within the month of February, via radio or television or printed word, we are going to see some reference to a cherry tree, an axe, and a little boy — and so the legend of George Washington will be continued. I really think there are two points that are missed in these February 22nd celebrations; first, that he was completely a Christian gentleman, with a deep and abiding sense of God, and the ways of Divine Providence with men; and secondly, that the whole point of the cherry tree story is supposed to illustrate manliness, honor, and truth.

### Truth In Our Life

Might it not be well in these our days to mull around in our minds that word — truth! Not in a vain, empty, and speculative way, as did the ancients at times, as a mental exercise—like Pontius Pilate who asked of Christ the rhetorical question "What is truth?" — but prayerfully for the good of our spiritual stature. Let us see how this quality figures in our own life, how we observe it, how we practice it, how we treasure it. Then, perhaps, we shall realize and appreciate what Christ meant when He said, "I am the way, the TRUTH, and the life," and maybe even some day we will realize that God is Truth Itself.

Man was made by God as capable of knowing truth and so was given a mind or intellect whose very work is to seek it out. Man investigates, explores, reasons, argues to get at the basic truth of things. No man wants to be fooled; he wants to discover the truth in all things. His life is a search for truth in all fields. Never does he like to be deceived. Eventually this search, this thirst for truth, brings him to God Who is Truth Itself; God, Who does not deceive, nor is deceived. And here man really finds the answers to all questions; his mind is at rest and is intellectually satisfied, and he realizes that not only is God true, but also good and beautiful. The quest is at an end!

### The Floating Lie

The opposite to truth is error. And if man hates to be fooled, it is the same as saying he hates to be led into error. What, then, can we say of deliberate, coolly-planned error? Take the matter of speech. A lie, the opposite of truth, is a deliberate error. The liar speaks contrary to what is in his mind, he desires to deceive.

If Christ said, "I am the truth," we see with reason why the devil is called the "father of lies." How easily today lies float to the surface of the tongue. Like oil on water. The auto salesman, the businessman — "After all, I must sell my product!" The faked excuse, the false testimony in law courts, the easy "out" for a difficult situation, the deliberate "smear" of a reputation, the spoken rash judgments on those we don't like! Doesn't our age and generation twist and distort the truth, and let the crooked tongue solve its problems?

Christ could have saved His life by telling a lie. If He said He was not the Son of God, when questioned under oath, He might have been released by a lie. After all, some would say, couldn't He have told a "white lie" and thus saved His life? But He fearlessly and truthfully maintained that He was the Son of God, and so went to His death.

Or take the matter of action — people acting in contradiction to the truth. Married people acting as though they were not married, not bound by vows; and single people acting as though they were married. And, of course, there is always the hypocrite, acting as though glad when consumed with envy or jealousy; "glad-handing," fawning, flattering. Not only what our Lord termed a wolf in sheep's clothing, but also a devil in man's form.

### A True Picture

Then, we have the word "true" in English. "True-blue" true value. "Tried men and true." This has a meaning of being real, dependable, corresponding to reality. It is a true picture or portrait of you, if it corresponds to the reality that is you. But you, in turn, to be true, must see that your thoughts, your speech, and your actions, correspond to the reality of things as they TRULY are.

What do you mean by a true American or a true Canadian? A Communist?

What do you mean if you say, "I will be true to you." That you will two-time?

What does the Gospel mean when it says that Christ is the

TRUE light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world? It means that those who find Christ and His doctrine and His truth are not in the darkness and uncertainty of error, but that they walk in the light of the day of truth. They know where they are going — to an eternal, completely happy union with Him, and with all others who have walked through this life in truth. Or what does the Gospel mean when Christ says, "I am the TRUE vine, you are the branches"? It means that those who are truly united to Him and His teachings are nourished by Him, strengthened and supported; and that those who are separated by sin, by deliberate error, by untruth, by hypocrisy are dead branches worthy only to be cast into the fire.

St. John the Baptist once said that the axe should be laid to the roots, that we should chop off the deadening habits of untruth. George Washington laid his axe not at the roots, but at the cherry tree; and the moral of the story is, "Father, I cannot tell a lie."

## Outer Circle Letter, Number 129

DEAR FRIENDS IN CHRIST, MAY HIS PEACE BE ALWAYS WITH YOU. This letter I would like to devote to RESTORATION, the paper you are now holding in your hand.

Did I ever tell you that I love Restoration very much . . . and not because it is OUR paper? No. I love it especially because it brings us so many wonderful friends. YOU. Somehow you are, to me, not just ordinary subscribers to a newspaper, but fellow apostles in the immense apostolate of extending the Kingdom of God on this earth. And extending it in the midst of a darkness of spirit that the world's history has seldom recorded!

Ours is definitely the TIME OF MANY DECISIONS. We think of them as economical . . . political . . . material . . . but in truth they are fundamental and spiritual. And what our days need is TRUTH . . . naked and unadorned. But few magazines and newspapers outside of the Catholic Press, to which this month is dedicated, are interested in giving us THAT KIND OF TRUTH . . . GOD'S TRUTH . . . which is the foundation of all society or solidarity, of all human institutions.

True, ours is a small voice speaking that TRUTH. Yet God has a way with small things. He uses them to confound the wise and the mighty at times. And at others He blends a mere whisper heard in our land, also speaking His Truth. You by becoming subscribers to Restoration, share in that apostolate of truth.

That is why I love Restoration and that is why I come to you—to ask for help to allow our voices, yours and ours, to become louder — to be better heard.

Will you make RESTORATION one of your CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH projects? In truth, the Catholic Press is a life-long project for Catholics, or should be. For in it Christ speaks again and walks again — entering your home and mine. So don't limit your RESTORATION project to just one month. All months will help! If each of you got us ONE MORE SUBSCRIPTION we would soon have FIVE THOUSAND. Perhaps some of you can get more . . . through your various societies, schools, and associations.

Though our format is twice in size that it used to be, we have not raised the price of a subscription. It is still only ONE DOLLAR!

Please help us to grow. Make our little voice — louder. And let us together learn to love God more and to serve Him better. For the extension of His Kingdom begins with ourselves.

By special request of many readers we reprint, here, the December Outer Circle letter.

The November letter never reached you because it was never written. And I did not write it because there was no time to write at all. I spent the time instead at the bedside of Eddie Doherty, my husband, in a quiet hospital room — for he had been operated on again — for the second time in two months. The first operation was in October and the second in November. Both times it was for the same ailment — kidney stones — he had one in each kidney.

As I sat in the darkened room and watched Eddie lying there in pain . . . I thought and prayed for all the sick in the world, and for all those who loved them. It is to them that I dedicate this letter.

Deep . . . and as the days came and went . . . ever deeper, I journeyed into the land of dark-

ness and pain. The lonely land where every soul is alone with God. Desolate is that land. Fearsome the journey at the start. But slowly, as one penetrates its immeasurable depths — it ceases to be either fearsome or desolate — for its desert seems to bloom with the thousand flowers of faith, and the fruits of that journey are peace — and even joy!

Along the road, death comes from nowhere, and shares the journey. I sat across from her, and learned much from her. For in times like these she breaks her silence, and speaks softly and gently about God, His infinite mercy, His incomprehensible love of man. Death is not fearsome. I know. I saw her quite close. Death is beautiful, with a beauty impossible to describe. It is the beauty of wisdom. Of kindness. Of obedience. Of poverty. Of joy. Of surrender. The beauty of a Messenger of God Who is Love. Reflecting His ineffable light.

Only when one is face to face with death does she reveal some of her secrets. She tells of time that ceases to be. That is, of eternity. Of separation that is not separation at all, for those who love in deep, abiding faith. The Communion of Saints becomes a reality in the twilight of a hospital room, and love IS life, and both are God — all things are in Him — and He in them.

The journey ends where it began. In a sick room — by the bedside of a loved one. Yet, neither the room, nor the bed, nor the beloved human being are the same. All are filled with glory! The glory of a faith that has been strengthened beyond understanding. The glory of a faith from which a close encounter with death has almost removed the gossamer veils that separate faith from reality.

It is because I took such a long journey that I did not have time to write to you—dearly beloved friends in Christ. Instead I prayed for you. For suddenly all of us—the living and the dead — had become one to me — in a small hospital room.

Take courage. Life and death are one. Inseparable — like Bethlehem and Golgotha. And both end in an empty tomb.

What infinite, what immense, un-encompassable joy is ours. It staggers our imagination. It lifts our hearts and brings ecstasy to our souls. To be a Catholic is to meet all things and events in God, and with His help to face life and death like a child does — with trust and love.

Let us sing a song to the Christ Child—a song of gratitude and joy. ALLELUIA . . . ALLELUIA! In His Name — Catherine Doherty.

## COMBERMERE DIARY

One thing we regret is that our news, perforce, must always be a month late. But, after all, one can't write a diary before things happen. Still, from your letters, this discrepancy in time really doesn't seem to matter.

### Carols And Cards

We must tell you about our Christmas. Different groups went out each night for the whole week before Christmas caroling in several of the adjacent villages. It was lots of fun, but was very cold. Yet we found that 26-below-zero helps to pick up the tempo! And then, of course, there were your cards. It was so good to read the short notes and to see the signatures again of former students of the Summer School, and of Visitors and Guests who have been to Madonna House.

We don't recall whether we mentioned it before, but our visitor list for the year 1955 was about one thousand people.

Your cards are carefully saved and pinned onto long lengths of ribbon which are used to decorate the various rooms and lend a festive appearance.

And as to Christmas itself — Midnight Mass in the Parish Church, and then back home for a second Mass in our own Chapel. The cooks in the kitchen were rejoicing because the new propane gas stove, and a new water heater, had just been installed, and Christmas breakfast rolled onto the table with a minimum of effort. And was it ever good!

Liturgical baking and different Christmas breads and cookies added to the menu.

### Gift of Our Lady

The base of the tree this year was a sight to be seen, with presents for 40 people piled beneath it. Somewhere around 2 a.m. we all began the pleasant task of unwrapping, viewing, and oohing and aahing at the bounty that the Baby's Birthday brought to us.

The nicest present of the evening was one from Our Lady! Four new Staff Worker Applicants. That makes ten in all for the new

group.

St. Stephen's Day, December 26, was a day of rest and sleep. The groups drifted in, in two's and one's for meals, anytime they felt like it, and we blessed the Management that for the whole week our morning Mass was at 9 o'clock.

On New Year's Eve we had our traditional Holy Hour from eleven to twelve o'clock in the Chapel, and for the first time, had talks from three different priests. The benefactors of Madonna House were especially remembered at this time.

### Goodbye Christmas!

Then again, this year there was another change in our traditions, because, by reason of the simplification of the Rubrics decreed by the Holy Father, inasmuch as Epiphany did not have an Octave we said goodbye to all the Christmas decorations on Saturday, January 7th.

And from then to now, there is just one thing in everybody's mind, and that is the Big Course. This year there are five hours of lectures to three different groups of Staff Workers and Staff Worker Applicants: from ten to twelve in the morning, and from two to four (tea time) in the afternoon, and again for one hour in the evening.

You might be interested in some of the subjects we are studying. There is the Mass, Apologetics, the Social Encyclicals, the History of the Cell Movements, the Life of Christ, the Corporal and Spiritual Works of Mercy, the Reformation, Communism, the Old Testament, our Constitutions and Way of Life; and, in the evening, Home Nursing and First Aid, according to the Red Cross course of study.

And so, if you don't get many letters from any one of us, you will know that our time is very well filled. And, along with you, we look forward to a spiritually profitable Season of Lent, and rejoice that we do not have the mortification of examinations at the end of our Course.



LADY OF THE SNOWS

As you drive in through the wide open gate of Madonna House—or even as you drive along the road—you may see the beautiful white statue of Our Lady of the Snows. She stands in a home-made shrine—the artist was Phil Larkin—and blesses all who come. She arrived as a joyous Christmas present to all of us here on Christmas Eve, 1954. And, though we do have Spring and Summer and Fall here, as well as Winter, Our Lady of the Snows sheds Christmas cheer all year 'round.

## Our Lady of The Trinity

In the Sacred Heart, the heart of love, the spirit of love — the Holy Ghost — lies Our Lady crowned. So bright is the light you can't look at her unless you close your eyes. The face of the Sacred Heart is that of the Son — Jesus in His manhood. The Hands outstretched are the Father's — powerful Hands full of strength and might. They are the Hands of Creation.

We enter the heart of love through Mary, We see the Face of Jesus with Mary, The Hands of the Father shape us by Mary.

### LIKE A COOK'S TOUR

(Continued from Page One)

did a hop, skip and a jump over the sixty odd sandbags scattered over the floor to hold down the new grey floor covering.

With the coming of the linoleum began the guessing game. Will the shelves be finished? Will we really have a complete kitchen for Christmas? The shelves progressed quite quickly with our boys painting them as soon as the last nail was driven.

But the stove was another matter. The old electric one had been moved out of sight. The cooks were managing the extras for Christmas on the reliable wood stove. Great was the jubilation when on December 23rd, the new gas stove came. Instead of spicy smells or the odor of meat drifting through the house came the odor of gas! But great was the rejoicing at the thought of a new kitchen with everything in place.

A real Christmas present to all in the house but especially to the cooks!

Amid the rejoicing were little prayers sent up for all those whose kindness made such a project a reality.

## THE SORROWFUL MYSTERIES

(Continued from Page Two)

That moves and falls and rises  
Only to fall again,  
And men and women  
Are under each of them.  
A little puff of dust  
Just shows  
That somewhere, someone fell.  
That is how  
It can be seen—  
The strange rhythm, the movement of the sea  
That no words can describe;  
As if humanity were just  
A sea of wood.  
But there She is alone.  
She freely moves  
Among that tight crowd  
Of crossbearers,  
And to each She gives a bead  
That holds all colors and none.  
It is quite strange,  
For it reflects  
The glances of Mother and Son  
On that road  
They called  
The Via Crucis  
Of Jerusalem.

### The Crucifixion

How dark is the sky,  
How stark is the sight!  
There, in busy New York,  
Is a hill and a cross.  
The same can be seen  
In Berlin and Paris,  
Vienna and London.  
All lie beneath the same sight,  
Of old rich cities,  
Of poor hamlets and towns.  
Two beams nailed together,  
One, up and down,  
The other transverse,  
It seems as you look  
As if the sign of the cross  
Embraces the universe!  
That old lady in back room No. 3  
In a street no one knows  
Lies so alone  
On a bed, wracked by pain and dread.  
It looks like a bed,  
But room No. 3 is a hill,  
And there is the tree.  
The old lonely lady seems to hang from it . . .  
The kitchen is dark and dank,  
And the weary mother  
Washes some diapers in a greasy pan  
While she rocks the last of the children,  
Aged one,  
With her foot.  
She looks  
At the few pennies  
Lying there on a table  
Covered with some threadbare cloth.  
She too, hangs on a tree on a hill . . .  
Come with me.  
I will show you  
All the ones that are hanging  
There, against nothing at all.  
Come and behold  
The hill of the skulls  
And the tree  
And see  
The crucifixion of many  
That all blend in one—  
A Dying Man.  
They are slender and tall,  
Short and small,  
Man and woman,  
Young and old—  
All are there.  
And so is she,  
The Mother of the Man  
Dying on the tree.  
And she seems to stand  
Beneath each one  
And lift up just one bead  
That shines like a sun.  
In the night of which  
Diamonds pale  
And look like stone.  
She gives them a bead  
Fashioned from a tear,  
The ones she didn't hold back  
When He said,  
"It is finished—  
Consummated!"  
And now she bends once more.  
And the chain  
That was lying there  
Waiting for each bead  
To be threaded on it—  
Is lifted up  
And endless hands  
Are lifted up.  
And the suffering ones,  
And those who pass by,  
As they pray those beads,  
Seem to be one  
With her dying Son.  
Our Lady has fashioned  
The beads  
Of her Sorrowful Mysteries.

## CALL TO ACTION

It was just about this time, early in Lent, in 1954, that Pope Pius XII wrote one of his most eloquent and touching messages to His children; calling them into action against the enemies of religion, and emphasizing the great need for lay apostles, lay missionaries.

The fate of the world lay therein, He said.

"There is no doubt that the words and actions of Christ should penetrate positively everywhere — to vivify everyone and everything. There is no other solution for humanity but to build the world anew in the spirit of Christ. He alone, in truth is the Savior of the individual, the family, society as a whole."

To the shepherds of parish flocks He wrote: "Ask yourselves for how many of your parishioners, for how many families in your parish, is Jesus Christ a living reality. How many pray to Him? How many nourish themselves

with Him? How many live by Him and through Him?

"We know, dear sons, that you can reach every soul, even the most distant, the most remote, and the most obstinate, by your prayers and sacrifices for them. You can, for example, mobilize the children and sufferers of your parishes so that they may cause showers of graces to fall upon the souls entrusted to your care. Above all, every morning, you can offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass for all."

But, the pope insisted, priests must also seek help and collaboration "among laymen — ready to take over for you where you do not succeed in penetrating, multiplying your strength and ability."

He stressed the fact that these laymen must be "solidly trained"; and he let it be known that he wanted "Catholic Action" organizations in every parish. The Lay Apostolate, he said, "must" be developed in factories, in schools, in large apartment houses, and wherever else it can be developed.

Interested? Write us. We need you. God needs you. The world needs you.





Director Mamie Legris supervises preparations for Christmas parties. Many people, Indians included, delight in helping her.

## YUKON LAY MISSION

(Continued from Page One)

ful care God has taken of us — and by the kindness of so many faithful friends.

I kept thinking, "Isn't it strange that in this territory where it is so cold (-59 degrees today), so far away from the 'outside' world, there should be a Maryhouse where over four thousand meals were served and over two thousand nights' lodging provided for the needy in the past twelve months?"

Mickey, Pretty Mickey!

"The library has increased by about eight hundred books. We finished paying for Mickey, our truck, and have spent plenty on him besides, because this country is hard on vehicles. We spent money for fuel, water, food, electricity, maintenance, etc. It took much, but when we needed it there was the necessary money."

So, do you blame me for having such distractions and for taking quite a while to finish the financial report?

No, I am not curious about 1956; but yet I have a great interest in it. This will have to be the year of expansion for Maryhouse. Our present building is too small for all our activities, and especially for our hostel work. So we must invest in another building; we pray that it will be close to Maryhouse.

I have started a Building Fund Account and hope to accumulate the money needed for this purchase. I pray and trust that your generosity of last year will continue and increase so that we may be able to buy this badly needed building and have the wherewithal to repair, remodel, redecorate, or enlarge it.

It will take much money; perhaps eight or ten thousand dollars! But I know that you, who do not have the privilege of working in this mission land, will be glad to contribute your prayers and money. God bless you always.

## THE TEST

Each day we gather flowers,  
sweet and small,  
And water them with love.

Yet withal,  
Our efforts are not fired  
with zest;

For if we'd keep the petals  
soft, the test  
Is in our zeal to pray and  
live this Lent

So that we'll be a willing  
instrument  
In placing flower petals in  
a pad

To tuck beneath the cross;  
and glad  
This shoulder pad will ease  
the Saviour's pain.

And fill our souls with  
mystical champagne.  
—Dorothea Costello

## ADDRESSES

of our  
Canadian branches:

MADONNA HOUSE,  
COMBERMERE,  
ONTARIO, CANADA.

MARIAN CENTRE,  
10528 - 98th STREET,  
EDMONTON, ALTA.,  
CANADA.

MARY HOUSE,  
WHITEHORSE,  
YUKON TERRITORY,  
CANADA.

## THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

endless, and not too important, questions about our apostolate. Surely, I went on to explain, there was a way in which, in the future, I could avoid such interruptions and attend to the important tasks.

The priest smiled at me gently, but his words were vigorous. He pointed out the fallacy of my argument. For me, in this case, the ladies with their questions, were the DUTY OF THE MOMENT . . . the SACRAMENT OF THE PRESENT.

God had sent them there. And at that moment, the report to the Bishop ceased to exist for me. In fact, it would have been most imperfect to attend to it, and leave the ladies alone.

Now, Not Then!

For others, the priest went on, the voices of their superiors, or the needs of the family, were the voice of God speaking. It was as simple as that — and as hard as the wood of the cross. It demanded detachment, utter and complete, from one's own will; a faith that was unshakeable, and an inner obedience to God's most Holy Will as expressed in that duty of every moment. This could exist only in a soul that knew, or tried to know Him, daily more and more, and to love Him more and more.

Accepting the duty and the sacrament of the moment means death to self, and is the shortest short cut to sanctity that ever was made available to us mortals. Smiling, the good priest suggested I start getting spiritually organized along these lines.

That was twenty-five years ago . . . and here was I again — wondering . . . while I contemplated all the correspondence, and all the duties listed in my calendar!

And all the while a beautiful wooden Crucifix was hanging on the wall, right in front of me — and the Lord of Hosts, Who once truly died on the cross was

## FOOLS FOR CHRIST

(Continued from Page One)

an action urgently needed in a world which more and more is led to believe that in the beginning was matter, that we are nothing but dust evolved to a higher stage of proficiency from the same stuff our cows and bulls in the barn are made of, and which by the denial of our living souls reduces us to a sort of glorified baloney.

In this world which repudiates any spiritual authority and wants either to eliminate it altogether or, at best, tolerate but subordinate it to the utilitarian dictates of the secular state, the Church is coming to rely on the action of Her children "in effecting the restoration of a civilization somehow Christian in all its institutions, not only legal but political, economic and social." This is the Lay Apostolate.

Our Daily Bread

Even if we did not aspire to be saints and heroes, but wanted to eat our daily bread undisturbed by problems for which we do not know the solutions, we cannot escape the fact that, by closing our eyes to the struggle going on around and about us, we are vacating the field to the devil.

Slowly but surely Christ has been pushed out of the marketplace, out of the schools, the courts, the government, the home, until today love means sex, justice is a legal word, and charity a chest for the collection of community funds.

We know how to generate power from steam engines, internal combustion engines, turbines, jets, atomic piles, and have permitted this knowledge to make man the slave of the machine, taking his human dignity away from him. Those who are not fit for the machine are left to sink to sub-human levels. We are doing it for the ultimate end of mechanized society: ever increasing production of material goods without relation to the needs of men.



Mrs. Whitehorse Billy of Whitehorse, Yukon, watches Mamie Legris, director of Maryhouse, as she prepares the Christmas turkey. "Ummm," she says. "Heap big grouse!"

preaching a sermon to me. For He is the perfect example of this duty of the moment.

HE WAS OBEDIENT UNTO DEATH. HE HAD COME TO DO THE WILL OF HIS FATHER, AND IT ALONE. HE DID IT, MOMENT BY MOMENT . . . SECOND BY SECOND . . . PERFECTLY!

And He did it because He loved us unto death on the Cross. Could not we — you and I — do it because we want to love Him back, by living the Cross splinter by splinter — moment by moment — each with its duty?

## MY PRAYER

God give me sympathy  
And sense.  
And help me keep  
My courage high.  
God give me calm  
And confidence.  
And please—  
A twinkle in my eye.  
—Lulie.

## Post Christmas Poem

"To hell with Christmas!"  
This they said,  
The hurt, the bitter,  
Being dead  
In their own way,  
In their own fire.  
And Christmas granted  
Their desire.  
It went to hell,  
It sought them far,  
It left the tree, and hung  
The Star.  
—Gemma d'Auria.

## A SUMMONS TO DAILY MASS

One of our subscribers, who calls herself La Lee, has written the following call to daily Mass.

"Will you come to daily Mass?"

"Yes, I saw you there Sunday morning, with your eyes directed toward the altar. You knelt in silence, and by the peaceful expression of your face I knew you understood the purpose, the importance, the completeness, the oneness, the warmth, the beauty, and the mystery that enshrouds it all.

"Why don't you go every day, not just Sunday?"

Take Me — Keep Me

"The Mass! The candles are lighted and we await the entrance of the priest and servers. Then begins the greatest drama on earth. Once again Christ's life is unveiled before us. And as our prayers float to heaven, directed by Mary, our Mother, the angels and the saints, we think how unworthy we are of God's infinite mercy thus extended to us.

"We try in our humble way to thank Him, and with the priest we praise and glorify Him, ask His forgiveness, and plead for mercy toward sinners and the poor souls in Purgatory.

"Ultimately we receive Him in our hearts. Then moments of silence. We bow our heads and speak with Our Lord. We ask Him to help us remain as we are. And he says to us, 'Take Me with you; keep Me in your heart by keeping My commandments. That's all I ask of you. Is it too much?'"

About three years ago a number of lay people in Rochester, N.Y., started a Daily Mass League. You can connect yourself with them by writing Harold J. Coleman, P.O. Box 981, Rochester 3, N.Y. You might want to help them, or merely to join them. Here's the contribution of Myles Connolly, a celebrated author and screen-writer.

By Myles Connolly

"There's nothing methodical about going to daily Mass. Each morning holds a fresh and unique experience — a drama more solemn than death, more inspiring than birth — it is a drama of death and birth really — the one great drama since time began.

"We are all at heart ritualists, whether we know it or not, and participating in the ritual of the stupendous sacrifice, we shed our false and gaudy artificialities and swim in deep, primal seas — plunge into coldly refreshing reality, and become in an invigorating sense our primitive selves again. Morning Mass is a morning song as well as a morning sacrifice and good for the soul. It is a time of detachment and offers the perfect hour not only for prayer, but for orientation. We are all racing toward eternity and it is then, in that morning hour, we can take time out, so to speak, to have a slow, quiet look at our distorted

selves and our crazy world — and see both in placidly proper perspective. A great simplification takes place, and lucidly, even radiantly, we see the things that matter — and see, too, that the things that matter can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

"Morning Mass is a matchlessly healthy and practical way of starting the day. So soon as the psychiatrists will be prescribing morning Mass for their patients, whatever their belief or lack of it."

And here's the contribution of some modest unknown poet:

God Or Goddess?

The Goddess of Health I worship each day.

How much time it takes me, I'm unable to say.

I brush my teeth twice, and diligently scrub

All over with soap, in shower or tub.

I eat the right foods that just fit my diet,

And pursue exercises that I might well die at.

I drink just enough, smoke no more than I should.

Get eight hours sleep, would get more if I could.

The Goddess of Health I worship each day.

How much time it takes me I'm unable to say.

I follow a ritual to stay at my peak

But I worship my God only once in the week.

While I care for my health in a manner first class,

For the good of my soul I'll attend daily Mass.

The Goddess of Wealth I worship each day.

How much time it takes me I'd hate to say.

I bargain, I haggle, and argue and swap,

And seek an advantage to come out on top.

I confer, attend meetings and lectures and such,

And luncheons with business men, never eat much.

Talk business and politics and listen to speeches.

Then loiter awhile and buy drinks for the leeches.

Then I rush to the office, dictate, sign the mail:

Catch a plane for New York to complete a big sale.

The Goddess of Wealth I worship each day.

How much time it takes me I'd hate to say.

How I am daily bowed down for the success which I seek

But I worship my God only once in the week.

If I strive with such effort for wealth which will pass,

For my soul, that's immortal, I'll attend daily Mass.



Mrs. Kathleen O'Herin supervises handicraft class in Maryhouse. The children work happily under the Advent Wreath.

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